# SCATTERFRYCOSIS; PUT THE NEEDLE IN

# The Short Story Play...

Characters are improvised as seen fit for narrative; switching the tone of the scenes...

Pete

GIRL

Kari

Bob

The general

Jay

Alter ego

Guess who speaks when....

Stage directions; (Pete sits in an arm chair about to shoot up; everyone else acts their parts around him oblivious to him even being there. Narrator is hidden ominous voice.)

Girl; “I think our moment is up” (GIRL bites through tears; the weeks ensuing had seen the two torn apart by land and sea).

Pete; “Don’t be daft”

Girl; “It’s all we are a series of moments you said it yourself” Pete; “I didn’t fucking say it so; you can just turn around and shit on my face?”

(Pete squeaks through tight lips; going red as the anger raises, a lump in his throat.)

Girl; “Don’t be angry at me... I, I just can’t lie to them anymore...”

Narrative;

The, them that she is alluding to are her parents; I can still see the look on their faces when GIRL dragged home the broken and torn puppy that was Pete.

Stage directions; bellow in narrative.

Narrative;

GIRL runs twisting through memories in Pete’s mind; broken synapses that remember every giggle every batter of the eye. GIRL never left him she stayed entombed in his mind; her smile emanates through his thoughts; “Pete come get me, come on baby chase me” the thought of her was slowly becoming the face of evil; lizards and crows pillage his eyes as he twists and turns in his bed.

Pete wakes (Pete) “what the fuck was that” sleeping beside him in the bed Pete can see the chest of GIRL lift and slowly drop; she rests so peacefully while he was in torment; her cheeks soft with a light red flush, her curly hair falls over her face and bobs in her soft breath, I lean in and kiss her;

Pete, “Wakey, wakey hands off snakey beautiful”

She turns and offers a sluggish smile sheepishly saying ‘good morning I love you too’.

Narrative;

All of a sudden the room is torn with red and flashes of brass fill the air.

Pete; “You know everyone else’s eyes were like this” gesturing to his eyes insinuating the size of the pupil, “, mine were like this” boom he opens his fingers suddenly.

Narrative; Pete snaps back with his drunken friend blazoning around the room; the buffoon stoops in his own drunken appearance.

Narrative;

Pete was worried; I had never seen such despair in the eyes of another. He snaps in, flashes back instant synapses of distorted photographs; burnt by the sands of time and eroded from the fire of sun. Pete; “Fuck I don’t think I’m alright... you know what I mean” Pete looks directly at you; speaking to the wall as he and I stand there. Pete’s alter ego; “Things will look up man, you’ll wake up soon.”

Narrative;

Pete wakes up sitting at platform two; the southern train rushes past, the warm air capturing his mind, Pete; “where are ya man?” Alter ego; “I can’t see ya... where are ya. Don’t fuck with me” Alter ego; “I can’t see Pete; the years and the time have driven us apart, we used to be close, you know real close; now nothing can bridge the divide. It’s ok Pete you will wake up soon...”

Pete; “What do you mean I will wake up soon? What do you know? Who are you?”

Alter ego; “All of these questions will be answered in time... now first who are you?”

Narrative;

Pete was born in the white ghettos just outside the city; on the outskirts life was harsh if you weren’t getting mugged for your shoes, you were getting pressured into drugs.

Alter ego; “You were given a choice Pete, you all were... this is what you made of it... do you think she really wanted to go? D o you really think this is where she wanted to end up? How is a better question...?”

Narrative;

Pete’s eyes open for what seems to be the first time in a long time; he wipes the cobwebs from his eyes and cleans his pipes, this nonchalant nightmare Kafka could not even precipitate. Frayed ends of the conversation were brought abruptly to his attention

Bob; “I was just standing over him, you know, just holding him by the scruff of his neck punching him in the face cursing him to hell, fucken wanker you don’t grass on no cunt I don’t care what he’s done, Oi Pete you fried cunt it’s your hit man,”

Stage directions;

Bob passes him the cracky. In walks GIRL in all her beauty; elegantly flicking her hair sheepishly as she does; infatuation burns in his eyes.

Pete; “Fuck you gotta love that”

(Pete says to himself as he looks her up and down). Pete; “Kris don’t just sit there can I please have a chair?”

Bob; “Alright don’t get ya knickers in a twist GIRL.”

Pete; “Hi I am Pete, I haven’t met you before, what brings you to a place like this?”

Girl; “Kris and I are having a few drinks I have just finished my exams... I am pretty happy to let my hair down; you can join us if you want?”

(The chemistry was electric)

Alter ego; “But Pete do you really think she took you for a drug addict or; just someone who was there? Did you really tell her that much or just weave a web of lies to catch her?”

Stage directions;

Pete wakes in the Fremantle harbour GIRLs warm body tight against his as they talk and laugh; the lights refracted off the water and GIRLS green eyes sparkled; crystal gleans through his mind: never had he seen such beauty or known such longing.

Stage directions;

The train station was empty as he stepped onto the platform checking his watch;

Pete; “2:15 fuck me it’s late”

Narrative; GIRL was standing there; her skin thinned out into the mass of me... Pete walked forward as GIRL exited the train... all of a sudden you stepped off the train and I was there; in full glory we could be seen for the first time in what seemed to be forever I could see clearly what you had done.

Pete was seemingly a ghost unseen; “scatterfrycosis”-Shane Heales...

Scene 2

Stage directions; (As above).

The world fades to white; Pete wakes just long enough to push the plunger in... Outside the world turns as Pete wakes outwardly searching in a fumbled attempt to make sense of the white panorama. The couch is gone the spoon swapped for eternal whiteness; the fit has left his veins. A small dot appears hovering on the horizon;

Pete; “What the, Jesus Christ is that?”

Pete’s stomach is in knots, the fear penetrates every capillary in his blood stream; his heart is beating free of his chest; ribs and lungs lay bloodied on the floor.

Alter ego; “Everything has changed Pete! Change is the only constant, it’s the only thing you can rely on, just stop running!” (Mark side note) change and drugs

Pete; “Change is constant? What do I have to change?”

Alter ego; “Use your mind you can only search for so long; the mind has all the answers if you allow it enough time to find them, you will never ask what you yourself do not know. As for I; do YOU think that all those years of self destruction and hate would not catch up to you? The world is falling at your feet and I will be the one to tick the hands tock of taste; the bitter revelry of your own requiem... that bitter sweet sting of pride.”

Narrative;

As the dot grows closer he can make out that scruffy posture anywhere; he was walking towards himself his own mind had created this monster of disillusion. Those glazed beady eyes blinking back in unison as the stubbled face chewed words from the mind; Pete’s face oozing with the stench of meth and maggoty from smack;

Alter ego; “fucken smackies.”

Narrative; Pete wakes in the lounge room; Nate sits in his well used armchair cigarette burning holes and fits falling from broken pockets. In the hallway lays another body, he thinks its Bob, down to the end rooms Kari and Jay lay in filth littered quarters. The still bubbled away in the corner; ‘family values’ was on a constant loop. In the kitchen purples, oranges and greys melted into constant joy accompanied by the constant rattle of Valium, the odd spot of Opium, and copious amounts of weed; this was the life, a few mattresses and a broken TV; pride and self worth were left with the dog shit at the front door. Kari rushes from the room adorned in gold, lights emanating behind her;

Kari; “Quick gather the royal guard what are you peasants doing sitting around? Come gather my tail, thy villainous swine.”

Narrative; Jay chimes in; singing a glorious falsetto dressed as a jester:

Jay; “Oh no my deer, we are not swine nor steer, here let me light this bowl and sit you down to rest!”

Narrative; the house was alive; some sort of royal circus had converged. Spinning around giants among men; fits and greys spraying from their mouths, crack pipes bubbling away in there hot little fingers as trained ape feet inserted steel vein transfers of liquid pleasure.

All together; “Look at poor Pete; he is a monkey on a car, what a delight let us prod him and poke him: the scientific age is here nonetheless.”

Alter ego; “I do proclaim we test this subject; the perfect average man, the specimen of the ages... a product of his environment.”

*Narrative; Everyone talks of nature versus nurture; whether or not we are products of our environment or products of outside influence? Why does it matter, the human mind recreates its personality on an unconscious level every few years. We adapt to different environments and change to outside influences; we are the greatest chameleons climbing through the jungle of life hiding behind grey doors and driving desolate roads... there may be other cars on the road, but we are still alone.*

*Scene 3*

Stage directions; (As above).

Narrative; Pete stood face to face; symmetrical object of his own form. Speaking back every word he knew to be true; that is from the outside only he, himself, can foretell the mystery plaguing his mind. Pete wakes his hair now grey; the room is not white, no, but a lucid shade of pink; Alter ego; “as the winds of time blew, his face was eroded; this wrinkled grey stubble smiled back”. Narrative; Cleaners capture his nose; the view crumbles, cascading through space the stars blend into super nova fairways. The constant of drug addiction floats past his house; outer surface the war waged on, marching in unison soldiers stumble like ants. On their shoulders; syringes not guns, the war can never be won with guns...

The General; (English accent) “BOY I do say, what in the blazers are you doin there? Stage directions; A voice yells in a thick English accent. Low and behold before my very eyes; a general of some army sporting an African hunting hat and an elephant gun steps forth.

Pete; “Um, me? I was just chilling, then all of a sudden. YOU people just began marching past my house?”

The general; “You have not heard then I take it? This is conscription son... we will give you the world, here take it. One pill and you can hold it in your fingers!”

Pete; “AIGHT your on, give me one of those little bad boys.”

Alter ego; “...Pete the world is yours you have your destiny in your hands... will you take it? Go join the others; walk monotonously toward the edge.”

Pete; “Nah fuck of ya daft cunt; the choice to ask is the power of freedom.”

Alter ego; “Just remember; you make the choice.”

Narrative; The trenches of injustice are lined with warped minds; all brandishing clean steels and blood pumps; every drug induced episodic paranoid delusion Freud could name himself: “and you feed money to the beasts, fuelling their veins; giving birth to their children.”

“Sir...SIR...SIR, Pete, Pete... Oi man wake up what the fuck?” the vision flashing back into Pete’s eyes; the shells whizzed past red filled the air. Raining down like phosphor; the bodies fall in alabaster explosions.

Pete; “Alright we have to get these two kilo’s from the enemy command here; then we need to march them through twenty miles of heavily armed enemy fields. Any questions before we go?”

Bob; “Sir no Sir”

Pete; “Good, Bob and Jay you follow me. Kari and Comrade you take the eastern side and when I give the command; ATTACK.”

Narrative; Fear welled in Pete’s stomach; at the young ages of seventeen and twenty he knew these kids stood no chance... the streets are awash with misery... these ‘*kids’* and that’s all they were, kids, could barely hold themselves in a fist fight and they’re off on the front lines; brandishing one mil syringes jack with ‘hotshot’. They’re going to get mowed down. He was already writing letters home to their mothers in his head. Why did they make him sergeant? He didn’t want the command; he was just washed up and walked right into it; his idol hands. His thirst for self destruction, maybe his vanity...

Alter ego; “It doesn’t matter now Pete... watch the world fall away...” the words rush sweetly into his ears.

Bob; “All work and no play; leads a man astray kind of situation you’ve found yourself in hey boss?”

Pete; “Shut up Bob and give me some cover we are about to run in, can you see 101? We are about to attack?”

Bob; “Yes Sir, over there on the tree line...”

All; “ATTACK”

Scene 3

Stage directions; (As above).

Narrative; Pete remembered the years after he finished school and travelled to the city to study; the people partied the trends were a cacophony to the eyes.

Pete; “The lights of the city are all I’ve got... I moved here to belong and I find myself digging through trash in the city.” Pete thought to himself as he walked the streets of Perth.

Pete; “Punk rock is where it’s at man, politics, speed, and beer.”

Narrative; The tired metal lined faces look back in dismay; skinny jeans and a fuck you attitude.

Jay; “It’s all about the lyrics Pete; you gotta find something that will educate.”

Narrative; Pete found himself assimilating into Indie culture; but you could never stop the punk.

Jay; “It’s just so angry; I don’t know how you guys can listen to it all the time? I need something spreading passion... like if you listen to...” (Scam was cut short.)

Pete; “Fuck up you piss swilling faggot; you sound as if you are gonna go to the toilet and use your own shit as lube as you hate fuck the anger out of ya self. Your never gonna change the world sitting back like a bunch of filthy fucking hippies singing songs of love and peace; peace won’t stop a bullet.”

Jay; “The power of peace can never be underestimated man; I was off my dial on tabs one night and this big guy walks up all ‘what the fuck you looking at ya queer’ I was all just chill mate aint no body looking for trouble man; he walked away”

Pete; “he walked away ‘cause you look like you have a serious mental problem. What the fuck is that you’re wearing, and when did you last shower? You smell like your dick has been brewing cheese for a week.”

Jay; “This is a toga, and I’m a vegan there is no way my body is making cheese...”

Pete; “You fucken idiot, alright you can stick on Bjork if you must.”

Pete found himself sitting in empty rooms; faces melted into each other as he pulled another bong. The group was thick with people looking for the drug experience; the lifestyle they could never live, their weak minds had never seen the reality of hardcore drug abuse.

Scene 4

Stage directions; (As above).

Narrative; the sun beats in to Pete’s room as he wakes; next to him in bed is the always gorgeous GIRL. Running his hands down her thigh his fingers slide into her cunt. Embracing the back of her neck squeezing tight kissing her hard; kissing back even harder GIRL moans as she reaches for his dick “Fuck me hard” she moans.

Narrative; Floating through clouds of thin white lines whilst, pills rain down like tears Pete is in euphoria rolling back and forth in the sheets sweat pouring; Pete; “the feeling of absolute bliss when red plumes into the chamber and the plunger is dropped into waiting veins... the feeling of blowing your load all over your woman’s face... it’s all the same, I guess I am just a junky to all great feelings...” GIRL looks into his eyes as Pete blankly stares back;

Girl; “he’s never awake when we have sex... he drifts off into some dream world, I mean he pays me enough attention it’s just as if... as if... he is thinking about another woman?”

Narrative; this was true but he wasn’t dreaming of women, the joy of sex filled his mind with drugs; drifting off into a stupor mesmerized by her beauty and silenced by her touch; “the perfect drug.”

Narrative; GIRL had been gone for a while now; what seemed to be three years had been six months...

Alter ego; “the road to hell is long and tedious... stairways never before walked; the horrors and the mysteries of life, if we didn’t have pain would we have fun?” Pete was walking the never road; “self destruction is such a pretty thing.”

Narrative; Friends fell away, friends came new as the breeze; you can always find another looking for destruction. Pete wakes to a shrill scream.

The general; “Wake up boy, get your fucken arse up; today is the first day of your life... you maggot are the latest recruitment to destruction camp!”

Pete; “Sir Yes sir”

The general; “Destruction camp is hard, it will test you! At times you will want to give up but I myself am making it my personal goal to fuck you up!”

Pete; “Sir Yes Sir”

The general; “Now you worthless piece of hogs breath drop to the ground smash that line then jump in the pen; I have a Russian wrester I have been paying twenty dollars an hour just to bash your worthless arse!!! And I personally can’t wait to see that happen!”

Narrative;

After what seemed to be ten two hour rounds my fifty minutes were up; a broken nose fractured cheek and what I made out through my bloodied vision to be drink cards. I made my way to the mess tent...

Pete; “to my amazement two gorillas poured glasses of mead for battle weary patrons... each looked to be as torn and broken as I yet there was an eerie sense of the place.”

Narrative; The inner sanctum of self destruction and loathing; the crossroads paved with blood and despair; the only way is sidewards there is never a simple step you can take; we all find ourselves there every so often.

The general; “Now you worthless maggot am I going to see you fail? NO I refuse to let your arse wither away infectiously; this is Destruction camp god-damit, now where’s your spirit?”

Alter ego; “Sir if destruction is such a pretty little thing why do you not wallow in your own destruction Sir?”

Stage directions; narrative form.

The sky begins to crack as light beams from the officers’ face; breaking crystal falls to the floor cascading in sanity; Pete wakes.

Alter ego; “The years have taken their tole once I stood proud; a monument to my life. Now I stand surrounded by glass walls and envisioned nightmares of years past; the horrors to befall my hands... the horrors.”

Alter ego; “Pete you know where you turned wrong; the desperation left you sleepless and gallant, the feelings of loneliness, all the eyes turned to you when your fifteen minute charade rolled past; you had what you needed you just couldn’t let go? Now where are you?”

Pete; “I can’t be telling myself: is it able to be done?”

Narrative;

Alter ego does narrative; “Watching myself fall victim to years of self destruction and fear brought on by the ever imminent thought of abandonment.

Alter ego; “You can run but you can never hide. The images your eyes once saw are burnt in place; now it is your time... your time to suffer... the screen never played clearer; a cinematic reflection of *my own demise, my sloth; my meaning.”*

Scene 5; Kari

Stage directions; (Kari talks to mother, while Pete narrates; they are oblivious to Pete).

Kari’s mother; “Come on Kari please open the door love; I am sick I need to get a fix. Please open the door Kari, listen your brother is crying he doesn’t need to hear this...”

Pete narrating; “Kari sat with her back against the door bleeding mascara stained her cheeks.”

Kari; “Don’t you think I fucken know that? I need to get food and nappies mum I can’t give you anything for a fix”

Kari’s mother; “Why you ungrateful little slut after all the things I’ve done for you; and ya can’t even help me out in time like this. Spit you’re not my kid, ya just like ya dad; run off when things get hard.”

Pete narrating; Kari couldn’t hear whether, it was selective hearing or she just ignored it she never knew; flashing back her father’s touch on her hand “everything will be alright” his voice echoes. Her mum Noreen never did handle it well, when her dad left and all. Pete narrating; “She was just young then, Kari’s old man found out about his old lady’s habit and that was it he just took off; damn near broke the girls heart, she cried on that porch every afternoon wishing, waiting for him to come back. Inside that old house, god knows what was going on; her mum was selling herself all over town the younger kids were just walking about in dirty nappies, oh you should have seen the state of it, poor little darlings. Mind you Kari looks after all the little ones now.”

Pete narrating; Kari worked a dead end job at the local supermarket; fifteen years old and raising two kids, supplying her mother’s drug habit. *“The strong seem to carry the weak; dragging their burning corpses through the desert of time. We watch in horror through awful eyes at each other dissecting the ones we love; Kari born and dissected for anything of worth. As hearts bleed away at night; so do the tears as Kari cries herself to sleep.”*

Kari’s mother; “Kari met Pete a while back they worked together out the back in the warehouse which gave them plenty of time to fool around and get to know each other. Pete really fell for the bird you know he would never stop talking about her and all that shit.”

Scene 6

Stage directions; (Pete and Kari talk; stage is cleared; narrator now hidden again).

Pete; “Yeh it was funny how I grew up, shit I am ten years older than you. You know what? Everyone has a bad child hood; ‘cause to them it is the only one they know, so they carry the baggage from their childhood through life and that shapes them into who they are or, you can let it kill you inside.”

Kari; “My mum told me this story when I was growing up she would say Kari your daddy he loved weed more than you, shit he wanted to name you after the word for marijuana in Jamaican. I thought to myself; if pot is so good that my dad would run out on me because of it, I gotta try it. Can you do that for me Pete; like, we all know you smoke?”

Pete; “Fuck that’s heavy, sounds to me your old lady scared ya dad away? Yeh I can probably sort something out. Drop round laters Yeh?”

Kari; “Ah yes thanks Pete you are a legend!” kissing him on the cheek she ran off with an excited little scream; to call her friends.

Narrator; Later that day Kari was walking through the mall the eyes of the passerby conversing with her torment;

Pete; “Kari this is the end; just watch the blood burn red with fury of steel.”

Narrator; Nappies and food under arm the weight of her own conscious is too much as her head hangs in dismay;

Kari; “mum I beg of you this one last time, now I’ve got Pete I need to be free I have this demon twisting over my head...”

Narrator; the smile grew on her face; optimistic in the future: as if the shadows drew back curtains allowing the sun to perforate gold haze of jovial euphoria. The fear of dying alone had slipped through the cracks; “water unable to be gathered again”; she found the one that would make her fall in love every day. Tragedy unfolded in the mask of a romantic phantom adorned with silver tongue; soon Kari’s face flushed with warm blood, “ah that feeling of joy, the perfect drug” she thought. Just for a second the world was new; born again, the filth washed away.

Kari; “Pete I have to tell you something, I, I am quite frightened it might ruin our friendship but; I think I am falling for you...”

Pete; “Fuck Kari you nearly gave me a heart attack I thought you were gonna say something stupid like you went and killed your mother in some viscous rage.”

Kari; “Oh YEH and that, you fucking idiot; everyone is right when they call you a little man boy.”

Pete; “Alright no need to attack my manhood”

Narrator; Pete pulls her forward by the small of her back;

Pete; “fuck I’ve wanted to do this for a long time.”

Scene 7

Monologue; Pete

I’m sorry for any pain I caused you. I fought and broke your heart; you deserve more than me. A man who will treat you like the angel you are. Nowhere in my heart are there any negative feelings harboured. Always will I love you? Do not feel guilty for the stupid decisions I made when we walked away. I alone made that decision changing my life forever.

I think I understand why you left me... we come from different worlds and I do not have anything to offer you. I am a drunk and a smoker; the tar settles thick in alcohol lined stomachs. Games of three man won’t win the queens affection.

I ostracized you against your family; Romeo and Juliet stood more of a chance. It’s for this I do not hate you; I can never see you again after this nor be your friend and for this I am sorry.

We shared amazing times; we shared down times. I wish it never happened but it did; you now haunt me while I walk streets awake and while my body slumps in an attempt at sleep...

I know I am not the man for you, you may love me; I don’t deserve your love. You say you adore me, you knew this would happen; built it up to break it down.

You may have rose coloured shades on when you look at me. I take on a rosy appeal; so I can fucken write; pretention reeks from the shallow minded fat writers hiding in dark rooms, while the world turns outside.

More to the point, I tried as hard as I could; I gave all I had to offer. You still needed more. I am sorry I do not have the means to an ends to give you what you needed; sex is never enough. As we lay in sweat soaked beds; sheets wrapped around our bodies, kissing the soft cold sweat gathering on your back, I have never felt so at home.

You could have called, a message would never have gone astray... you kept me in the dark; gathering moss and growing mushrooms my sanity plagued by the thought of you. I am not going to lie I thought I meant more than that; but why fool myself, my own weight in shit was worth more. Whilst, I sat lonely and paranoid; I scared you from the intense heat that burnt in my chest.